A Warning to all Prieſts and jeſuites, by the example of two Maſſe-prieſts, which for ſeducing and ſtealing away the hearts of the Kings Loyall Subjects, were hangd, drawne, and quartered: whoſe execution was on Friday, being the 21. day of January, 1642.

To the Tune of, *A Rich Marchant Man.*

COme you Seducers all,
which dares preſume to ſtay
To ſee your factions brethrens fall,
ceaſe now on beads to pray.

And ſerve the Lord alone,
for why you ſee the Pope.
Can give a pardon unto none,
to ſave them from the rope.

And if not from the rope,
much leſſe a ſoule from hell,
For thats a place wherein the Pope
himſelfe may goe and dwell.

Then Jeſuits, Prieſts, and Fryers,
to Rome make haſte away,
Leſt that the Hangman payes your hires,
if you in England ſtay.

Two Prieſts being iudg'd to dye
now at this Sellions paſt,
May cauſe the reſt from hence to flye,
which are not yet laid faſt.

But if they longer ſtay,
I feare they'le chance to take
Long Brandons bleſſing by the way,
except more haſte they make.

The dominering knave,
can hardly be more griev'd,
Then when the Prieſts their iudgements have,
and afterwards repriev'd.

And yet it is beleev'd,
had not the lawes elſe,
At this laſt Sellions beene repriev'd,
he had beene hang'd himſelfe.

Then Jeſuites, Prieſts, and Fryers,
to Rome make haſt away,
Leaſt that the Gallowes doe prove your
if you in England ſtay. (hires

The names of theſe two Prieſts
like Traytors Iudg'd to dye,
Shall herein briefely be expreſt,
to you immediately.

They that our Lawes contemn'd,
the one call'd Albert Roe,
And Father Renals being condemn'd,
above ſeven yeares agoe.

From Newgate they were ſent
like birds both of one feather.
And lovingly up Holborne went
both on one ſledge together.

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XLVII

The ſecond Part, to the ſame tune.

FAll bound and guarded ſtrong,
unto their dying place,
Theſe Papiſt Prieſts were drawne along
to ſuffer in diſgrace.

Then hang'd till almoſt dead,
and ſo immediately,
Were both cut downe and quartered,
as Traitors uſe to dye.

Then Jeſuites Prieſts and Fryers,
to Rome make haſte away,
Leaſt that the Gallowes proove your hires,
if you in England ſtay.

Their members and their hearts,
were all in fire burn'd,
Their guts, and all their inward parts,
were ſtraight to aſhes turn'd.

Thus with a ſhamefull end,
they finiſht up their dayes,
So muſt the reſt which dares offend,
in ſuch preſumptuous waies.

In New-gate I perceive,
there ſtill lies other ſeven,
Which ſought to make the blind beleeve,
up Holborne's the way to Heaven.

Then Jeſuits prieſts and Fry[ers]
to Rome make haſt away,
You ſee the gallowes will be your [hire]
if you in England ſtay.

When once the Pope beginnes,
to thinke on this great loſſe,
He'le ceaſe to pardon ſentall ſinnes,
and burne his golden Croſſe.

Except Saint Peter pleaſe,
to make his warrants ſtrong
He will aſſigne him up his k[eys]
and keepe heavens gates [ſhut]

Our little Pope doth ſit,
as if he ſhed forth teares,
Becauſe the harveſt comes not [on]
that he may crop more eares.

Me thinkes I heare the cries,
of many holy Nunnes
And ſees the teares which [fall]
like holy waters runne.

Then Jeſuits Prieſts and [Fryers]
to Rome make haſt away,
Leſt that the gallowes doe [your hires]
if you in England ſtay.

Printed at London for *Fr. Grove*, dwelling on Snow hill, Finis.